

# **mechanical fantasy box**

**The Homoerotic Journal of Patrick Cowley  
with Illustrations by Gwenaël Rattke**



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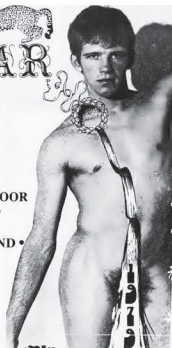
*Patrick Cowley*

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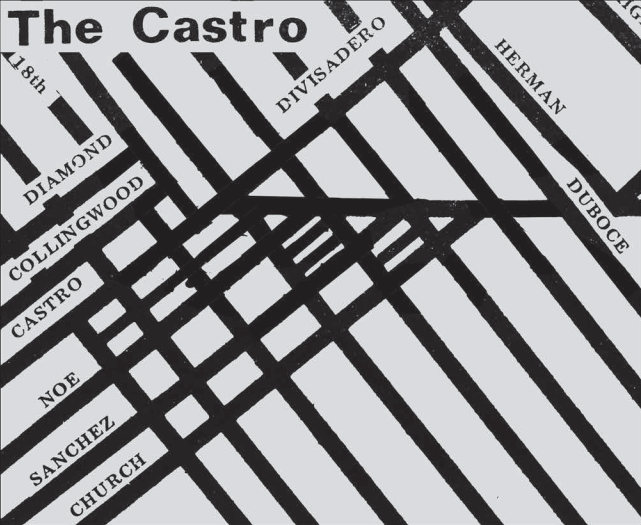
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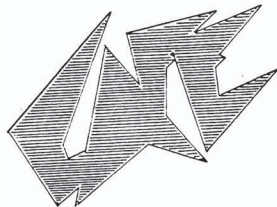


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## TIMELINK BY JOSH CHEON

Patrick Cowley came into my life in June 2006 through a lover who played me *Mind Warp* as he rolled a joint on the LP jacket. A month later, I visited San Francisco for the first time, fell in love and moved west. The following year I joined Honey Soundsystem, a crew of gay discjockeys. In November 2007 John Hedges, former co-owner of Megatone Records with Patrick, bequeathed his record collection, including three boxes of reel-to-reel tapes, to us before retiring to Palm Springs. In June 2008 Honey hosted a party with Stefan Goldmann and we gave him two CD-Rs with digital transfers of the tapes. Stefan was crazy about the “Catholic” project Patrick recorded with Jorge Socarrás and released it on his label MACRO. To celebrate, Honey organized a record release party in SF on October 19, 2009, Patrick’s 59<sup>th</sup> birthday. I decided to track down as many of Patrick’s friends as I could and interview them. At the release party Chris Njirich, of Hi-NRG group Bear Essence, asked if I had found Patrick’s gay porn soundtracks. Bewildered I did some sleuthing and discovered Patrick credited on 3 films by Fox Studio. I tracked down director John Coletti, who was living in LA and flew down for a meeting. In the Fox Studio archives I unearthed 8 reels of Patrick’s music. Over the next few years all 3 soundtracks would be released on my label Dark Entries: *School Daze* (2013), *Muscle Up* (2015) and *Afternooners* (2017). In September 2017 I asked Patrick’s former roommate Theresa McGinley to perform at the *Afternooners* record release party. She asked to read from Patrick’s sex journal. “WHAT? YES!” I said flabbergasted and knew we had to publish it unedited, though some typos have been silently corrected. We’ve included Patrick’s doodles too. As Patrick’s muse Candida Royalle told me in 2009, “It has dawned on me, that we only live as long as we’re remembered. With someone like Patrick who leaves this wonderful body of innovative music, he’s gonna live a long time and that is wonderful and so deserving, and I’m so grateful for that.”

## FOREWORD BY THERESA MCGINLEY

When I met Patrick Cowley he was a virgin and so was I. It was my good fortune to meet him in 1968 when we were both still teenagers. We talked a great deal about sex, a subject that fell into the realm of sacred mysteries. Along with sex, we discussed music, literature, poetry, films, and the struggle to throw off the yoke of our conservative Roman Catholic upbringings. As college students we espoused anti-establishment sentiments and participated in Vietnam War protests. We were not supposed to hang on to our virtue, so said the zeitgeist. Eventually, we both lost our virginities, separately.

Several months after the Stonewall riots, and after I indicated to Patrick that I was questioning my own sexuality, Patrick came out. First he confided only to me that he was homosexual. Up until then, he had never had sex with a man. It was not easy for him to come out to our circle of friends, much less to his family, but Patrick knew what he wanted to do. Shortly after that confession he moved to San Francisco.

In 1971 Patrick gave me the gift of a plane ticket to join him in San Francisco. He was ebullient when he met me at the airport, and declared that he had found his people and wanted to share this new world. We moved into a tiny apartment that faced the Panhandle on Oak Street in the Haight-Ashbury. Together, we delighted in joining the counterculture and discovering what we saw as visionary perspectives. Along with participating in the exciting *mise en scène*, Patrick pursued his creative interests, with emphasis on music.

When Patrick was ill in the early '80s, I helped with caretaking and eventually moved into a flat in his Castro neighborhood home. He was one of the early AIDS victims who did not stand a chance against the virus. As his body weakened, his emotions grew stronger. We talked

# INTRODUCTION BY JORGE SOCARRÁS

When Patrick Cowley and I started making music together in mid-1970s San Francisco, we went through a couple of names for our duo—"Good, Clean Fun" and "Lesserman"—before settling on "Catholic." Because we fancied ourselves wayward Catholic boys, it seemed perfectly succinct and ironic. It would be decades before I'd come to see how differently the Catholic imprint had manifested in each of us.

Ten years ago, Patrick's music, including our "Catholic" recordings, started resurfacing in unexpected ways. Around this time, his and my dear friend, Theresa McGinley, informed me that before dying he had given her his journal for safekeeping. Safekeeping because it was in fact a sex journal, which no doubt he wished to conserve from his less ironically Catholic family. Any prescience on his part beyond that prudent decision we can only speculate upon. In any case, Theresa had managed to stash the journal away all those years, and having refrained from reading it, finally decided that it was high time we do so—together. Patrick's ghost already newly influencing my life, the journal was another manifestation of what had until now been a primarily musical haunting.

As it turned out, Theresa decided she was passing the journal on to me, not only so that I could read it, but also because she thought I would know best what should be done with it. She felt that Patrick would have been in accord, and myself not having been there when he died, Theresa's intuition was my closest proximity. She and Patrick, presumably, were right: I knew immediately what should be done with the journal. What I didn't foresee were the new depths from which Patrick would haunt me.

That reading the journal should have shocked me was itself a kind of shock. Hardly a moralist, nor a stranger to Patrick's ways, I was his

**AUG 18, '74**

Lee on the top bunk  
The marathon billiard game  
(ticklin' the 'ol duodenum)

**AUG 24, '74** Jim after the wine & fromage

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**MAY 10, '75** A rugged blonde bulldog beard You're like a bear lickin' honey. Double occupancy wood paneled phone booth. "*Come Baby*"  
– FSB –

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**JULY 18, '75** a peak experience

a lean dark honcho hungry eyes. among the mechanical fantasys  
buggered up the ass. "Really man, ..." and "It was." an armored  
breastplate beneath his chest and me weak in the knees – TUBS –

**AUG 10, '75** Fairgasm on my feet. Neanderthal on a bicycle who  
took me to his slum and hung me up. His uptight vegetable rap and  
my LSD patience. The painting of Archie must have been my recom-  
pense. For 31 cents.

---

**AUG 18, '75** the rescue. J besieged by obnoxo ----- and the Turk  
turned him away. "take me in your arms" and he does. a shy kiss, he  
is rewarded. keep your eyes peeled.

**AUG 3, '75** That honcho again in the dim red light. Not quite so hungry. Took a generation with him anyway & gave me a smile you won't soon forget.

TUBS

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**AUG 22, '75** The moon eclipsed by Slavic cheekbones. city sound coming up in waves. a shooting meteorite blazes into oblivion and punctuates the Perfect Evening. lustful, melancholy and a sense of impending separation. Michael Massachusetts, goodbye.

**SEPT 16, '75** The cycle begins its renewal. Silky brush cut, blonde and beery gets down. The thrill of the checkered hunt. I bait. I wait. It's worth the tight suction and dramatic spread, veins bulging. Faces in shadows turn our way. The smell of his shampoo then out wheeling into the night.



**SEPT 21, '75** All the stages of earlier evolved man, hairy & thick lay under my churning slipping hips crying "Oh, Man ... oh, MAN" I lay now, minutes after his footsteps retraced the hall, in a cool puddle, in rumpled white sheets smelling this man's unevolved armpits on my moustache. Aroma of Men. Hugo. This man. You've seen the same hairy sturdy knees in a Scottish kilt. He plays a double reed bagpipe. I want to fuck his ass to chanting bagpipes. I want to reach up under a kilt and close my fingers round his dark cock.

He wants to fuck me with his musical fist and see my juice shoot across the field of black hair that is his body. Short black hair is banging on my wall, his head, Hugo's head thumps when I thrust and a little boy's voice cries out low, cries out quick, "Oh, Man ... oh, MAN"

**OCT 18-19, '75** My dark descendant of the Aztecs brings the smiling disposition, thick dark cock and fur covered lower half as well as the flashing Spain other half and together we toast the first 25 years of my life. At night, in the morning, later afternoon, on the floor or bed we fuck one another. When he leaves at 5:00 Mon. I remain amidst tipped glasses & empty champagne, strewn about clothing & smooth vaseline – Oh, look at that 25 year old purr!

**OCT 20, '75** "There's nothing hornier than someone who's getting it." (Theresa McGinley) and ain't it the truth. So I see Ron across the room in the dim light and I call out with my eyes. We clench and press ourselves tight in standing embraces. Do you like to get fucked in other circumstances? Follow me. This curly head with perfect tits and big eyes I love as he slides a very rigid prick up my ass. I'm bent over the toilet or he sits on the seat and I on him, on that stiff smooth pole. Dirty love I say and I fuck his hard ass too – ooo we gonna do it again.

**OCT 23, '75** The door is open. A bearded monkey man lies ass up on the bed. I touch him slow smooth working toward that ass as it slowly begins to churn. I close the door and we fuck deep and fast. He squeezes it out of me and we can only laugh ... Later the coffee skinned work of art pushes against the wall above his head and I lift his tight and oval ass up and down on my eager dick till I cry for pleasure and fill him right up.

**OCT 26, '75** Down at the club on the day we roll time back. Soon I spy two favorite beauties. Perfect Master I feels as firm and tight as he looks but a quick sweep of his brawny back is all I've earned. I take a cue from him, though, and chase black men all night. What a dream! The perfect, handsome, black skinned man who occasionally comes in the store is mine in the corner of the hallway. "This is the Rock of Gibraltar," I say, his solid ass caught in my palm. He groans so low and so real I'll be hearing it in my dreams. I finally do it - I kiss & lick that fantastic shaved and perfect skull of his. His cock curves right down my talented throat - He will come & take me home. I spy Rigo up to something in a room but can't see for the black spectator blocks the doorway. He goes in & I follow. My friend is the bottom & Pal Joey the top. In a flash the four of us are connected. Much amyl later Joey & I work it all out. He wants a shower of piss & I can't seem to switch systems. I spank He spits. My hand is as hot as his black ass and he weeps as he shoots. I just don't want to be left alone he says as I close the door behind me. I had a ball I say & he laughs.

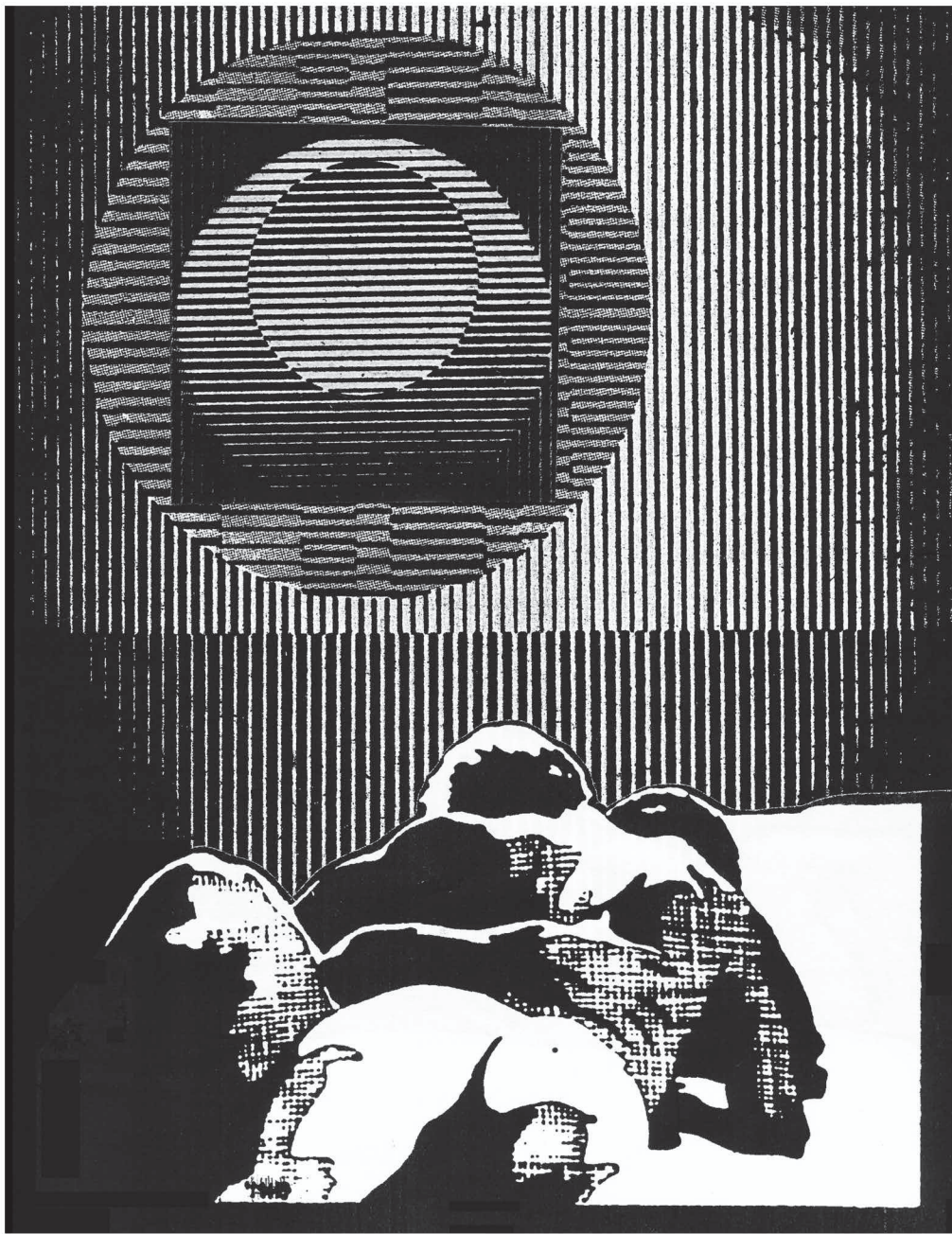


**RUSH**

LIQUID INCENSE

**AMBER RUSH**

LIQUID INCENSE



© 1994 MCA/Universal



**TREASURE**



**INSIDE**

**OUTSIDE**



**FEB 14, '76** Further explorations in the phallic-worshipping mastery of the Prince. He is silent, devoted, flawless. He glides by me as I pose, twisting the elastic band onto a towel. I feel his hands almost before I can imagine their reaching out for me. My ass, my belly, he slides and pets me – my growing cock. He takes it deep into his fine mouth and holds it there. We trade off the parts of devotée and master, kneeling in supplication, elevated like a saint on his pedestal. The light is like candlelight and the hallways are full of acolytes. The sacraments are offered up. We transubstantiate. We ascend into heaven and come all over the right hand of gods.

**FEB 15, '76** Mardi Gras Party. David, a familiar face. F. Scott with his



red hair and handsome face. We come from a similar lineage. A Barry Lyndon fantasy. He's well built with a fat pyramid cock that grows upward with passion. We neck and do the fellatio exchange till we're fired up. The others have to move over in this 3 story orgy, and give us a space to do our fucking. Oh Babe he moans as I slide into his appreciative ass. We rock on with this one, truly a classic. He lowers himself on it and rocks and churns. We inherit a bed and soon my growling is in their ears. This is a sweet sex and the feeling flows with the juices. Let the feelings flow. The longer you love, the longer you live.

**FEB 20, '76** Games I play. The tall man with the faded forehead, a neighborhood face. He and I is the only sharp combination. *But he must ask me for it*, I say, remembering some past feeling. He does play by the rules and I'm climbing that dong of his, a tight tight fit down my throat. He guides my subtle teeth to his chest & nipples and beats off moaning. This is how he likes to get it off. "*Do you want my load*," he asks.

I drink that juice right down.

Inter-tracheal express load.

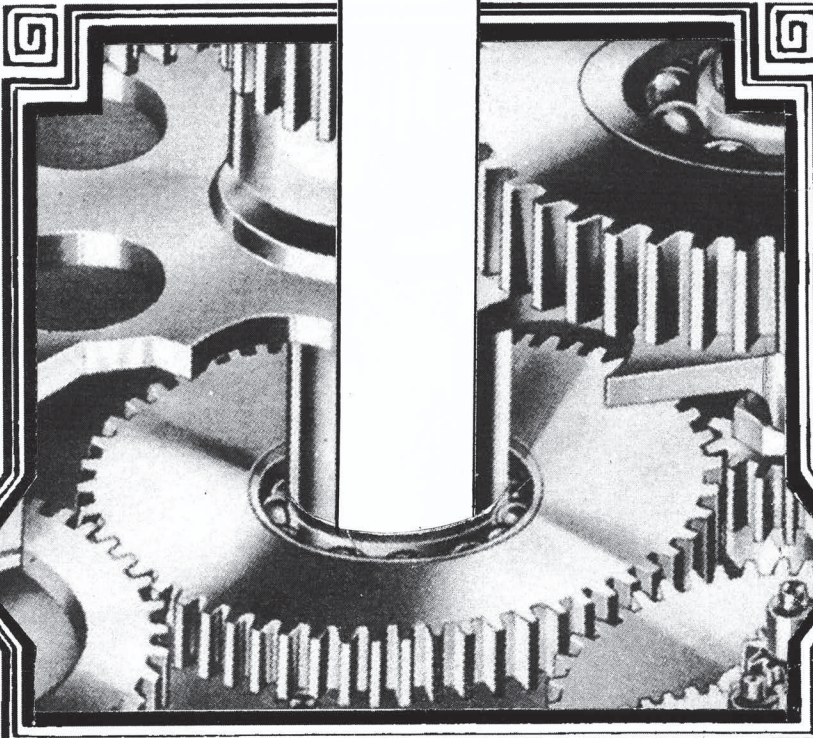
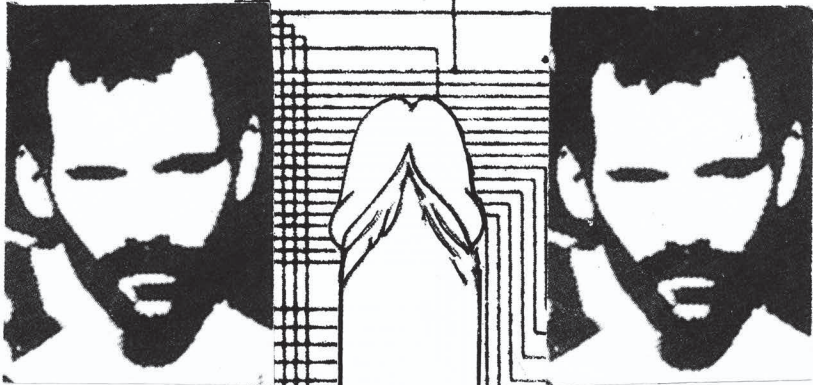
He pets, hugs and goodbyes.

Within seconds my come is flowing down the mechanical fantasy machine.

Remember this man's well hung ass.

**FEB 22, '76** Two rogues, Irish rogues fuck supreme. I'm having a string of countrymen lately. Red hair, Light hair sturdy men. Tonite Michael & Patrick pumping their bodies, their loins & asses in rhythm ... horses ... horses ... horses ... He likes it deep & hard & fast. He is an inspiration. He's on his knees bent to my plunges. I'm on my feet crouched and fucking pushing grinding sliding fucking squeezing fucking his fucking asshole with sublime passion & lust. coming crying coming crying out like an animal from Ireland. Irish animal crying coming out.

MECHANICAL



FANTASY MACHINE



**FEB 29, '76** Remember this: When I was 25 I possessed the cocky self-confidence of youth.

It seems that life is there for the taking and I took my share. First there was the neatly bearded young man, Richard, who fucked me good but had little charm. He came as I beat him off, but only when he heard the guys in the next room slapping & moaning. Then that blonde boy on the big bed. I balled him athletically for an appreciative audience, he blew me a kiss before he disappeared. Finally that sinewy, lean, hair-thatched chest man who had the room next to mine. He would lope and pose and breathe like a fag in rut. Handsome, he liked to slap and spit and talk dirty. With his fingers up my ass I jerked off and fell back on the bed just as I shot my third load into his hungry mouth. "You can do that anytime baby," he flashed.

MAMA

**MAR '76** (*undated*) opened tonite. The Baby remembers her Mama and bits of our mamas. She has distilled the poison within the bad mama and holds it up to see before being rid of it. Later I laugh and sit with two current mamas, Delores & Amber plus the Baby, Planet & Scumbles over coffee (what else) and community and warm loud bohemia a la '76.

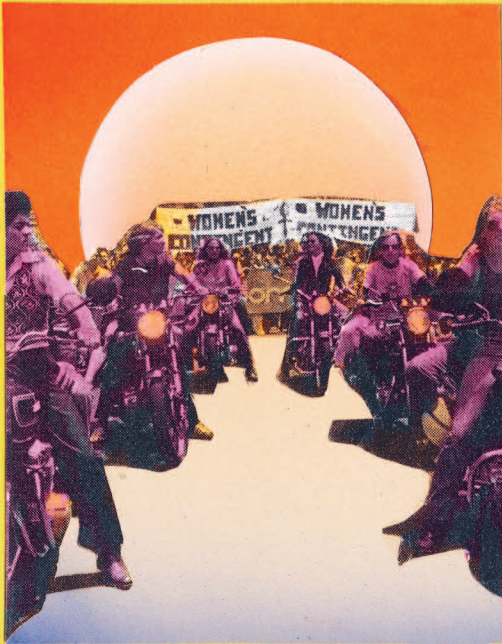
*Broken Dishes* next and *Pearls Over Shanghai* by October. And what of Cobalt?

*Still warm from a weekend spent with Jorge Baca. That beautiful, this beautiful man has my heart next to his heart. I feel so beautiful walking down the street with him... sitting with my arm around him on the bus... his eternal affections in doorways on sidewalks and lying in bed.*

The fortune teller, *Percy Jane*, says I'll grasp the opportunities and really GO. *Percy, that's why I'm so far away.*

**MAR 15, '76** full moon in a balmy night

# NEW YORK



JUNE 26, '77 A red letter day. The Gay Rights parade, Christopher St. A day of total ecstasy & celebration with complete men & women. The faces that go with the images in these pages passed before me filled with the spirit of our basic need. My family from the Citoi had me Brazilian hips between the bubble machines and Robert & I beaming our beauty and love overflowing into the streets and finally to the source the sun the sun the sun & my arms & hands outstretched in communion & worship. The revelation of a martyr. Search the mere facts of his path to sainthood.

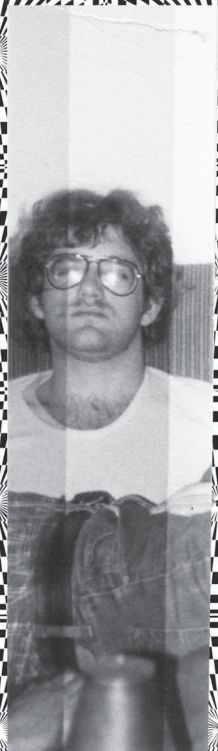
LIVING IN THIS BRAND NEW WORLD  
MAY BE A FANTASY  
BUT IT'S TAUGHT ME TO LOVE  
AND THAT'S REAL  
REAL  
REAL TO ME.

JUNE 29, '77 Lesley Gore is quite a bore, but of course I get off on thinking of me connecting with her. That sense of "who'd have thunk it way back then..." I decide that I'm over my cold enough to do something about the sex energy that's been stored up. On a Wed. nite in a thick fog with explosions & sirens out on the street, the boys are into it in the back room. Joe and I cruise & connect and I melt him a bit. Reminds me of a blonde Peter. He's not very potent though & so I decline his invitation to spend the nite. We trade off a bit & then while he sucks me off I bend to the mustache with the damp crotch & quickly coax a snort of rush & a load of jizz out of him, then let it go for Joe. Much affection. On the street the cops checking out weird metallic fragments and "In the front room they're talking philosophy & in the back room they've got all the answers. You betcha." I miss Robert...

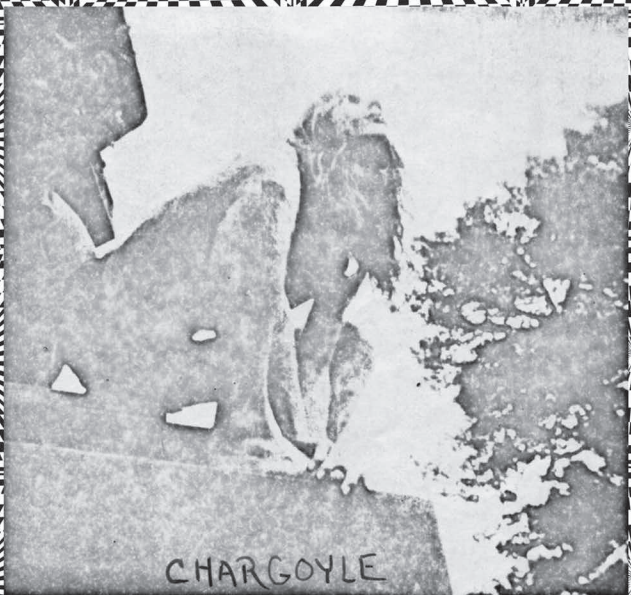
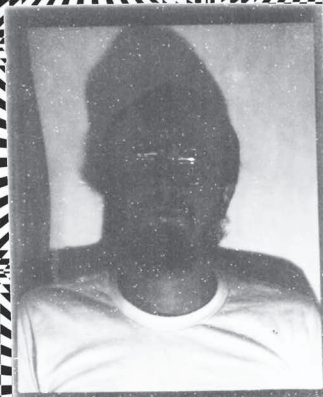
MAY 24, 1978 was a day to remember. Patrick opens the dream gig. *Sylvester & Loverde at the City*. High Energy crackling all around me – the sweat, the deep breath before Kickin in – the smell of a ton of fun across the stage – Sylvester’s introduction ... I have to tell you a story about Patrick, He used to shine the spotlight on us in our shows here but now its my pleasure to have the spotlight shine on him ... Frank & the girls looking & cookin fine down the line Such a growing experience (as F. DANIS might put it) (I think he did say that to me, as a matter of fact) And at the end, grown as I was, came home to Sunni and an incredible sex scene – he licked me clean, a strand-o-cum looped round his muzzle! ho ho – Thank you Jesus

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Patrick J. Cowles". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style. A long, thin horizontal line is drawn underneath the signature, extending from the left side of the page towards the right.

Give me love with the music



1974-1976



CHARGOYLE



Jorge "Georgie" Socarras



Bobby "Baba" Scotland

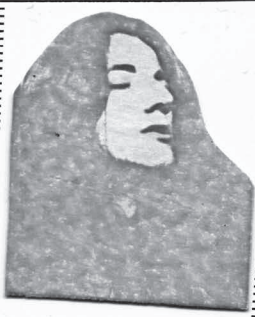
Dear Fruitcake,  
In this picture,  
I am thinking of  
now glad I will  
be to see you again  
Maybe I'll come  
to San Francisco



Pat n' Theresa McGinley



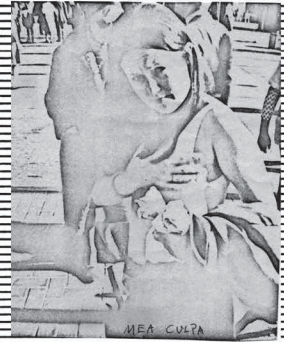
Pat n' Jorge Baca



Bobby "Baba" Scotland

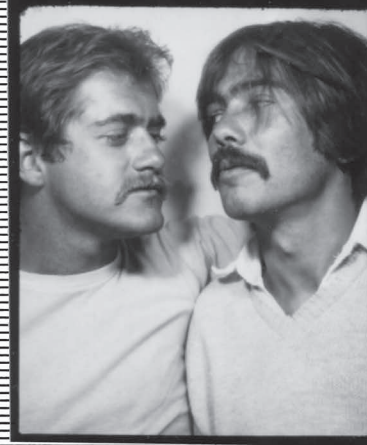
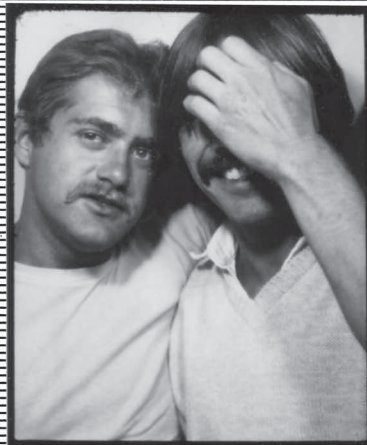


Diamond Sunday



Janice "Baby" Sukatis

Pat n' Don  
June 13, '78



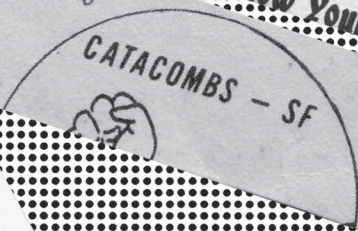
Pat n' Fred,  
Nov '74

P-  
Steven  
& Jerry  
both called  
7:30 (M)

(415) 626-1680

Here I Am, Madly in Love with you,  
On the Verge of Killing Myself for  
Your Love and I Don't Even Know Your

8-12-78



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BATHS

**CLUB BATHS**  
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(the tricks Dr) →

you slept with:  
Donald Charles  
Feb 89 78-7  
Dr. ~~Roman~~

Dishough  
chart number  
UC. Med Center.

you were exposed to:

~~the world~~  
your mother  
hepatitis type A  
hepatitis type B.

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